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from the popes the people were held up to a higher ideal than their own passions would ever have permitted them to follow. That the canonists got the whole subject into the realm of their hairsplitting technicalities was not the fault of the popes and certainly when the state took control of marriage, as in England after Henry VIII., the laws were in many instances not made less absurd (pp. 98-100).

The third and fourth lectures are in essence a very careful study into the historical inaccuracy and unreliability of Matthew Paris's chronicle, especially of those portions where Paris tries to prove that the English clergy of the thirteenth century were anticipating the Reformation in protesting against the *plenitudo potestatis* of the pope. The author certainly makes out a good case in showing that though there were protests against abuses, especially provisions, there was no disposition on the part of the clergy of the thirteenth century to question the pope's power.

The last two lectures are devoted to showing how Innocent IV.'s ambition to have all Italy under his temporal control proved seriously detrimental to the influence of the church. To get funds for his war on the Empire he literally drained the treasuries of the ecclesiastics of Europe and brought on a storm for his successors. "He won by the past of the Papacy, but at the cost of the future" (p. 213).

The author has a delightful style and the book owes much of its readability to an easy use of words, such as: page 177, touched him "in his pocket"; page 205, "promptly ratting to the other side"; page 206, "I O U's"; page 238, "the old gang". He is so impartial in the presentation of his material that it is difficult to determine whether he is Catholic or Protestant—certainly a rare accomplishment even in these days of liberal-minded historians.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

The Life and Correspondence of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. By PHILIP C. YORKE, M.A., Licencié-ès-Lettres of the University of Paris. In three volumes. (Cambridge: University Press; Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1913. Pp. xvi, 685; viii, 598; viii, 653.)

It was Bernard Shaw, was it not, or some such person, who said that the English succeed by virtue of their stupidity? There is doubtless a grain of truth in the remark, although it is not always certain whether the stupidity is quite as genuine as one could wish. When Napoleon, having been voted an extension of his tenure of office, replied that he "was willing to make the additional sacrifice" if the people demanded it, we know perfectly that he is talking bunkum, and we feel that he knows it too. But when a Gladstone or a Pitt assures us that he has at the call of duty reluctantly renounced the delightful tranquillity of a private station in order to serve his country, we are taken in. The Englishman gets away with this sort of thing much better than the Frenchman; he deceives us because, by virtue of always taking himself for granted, he comes in the end to deceive himself.

Lord Chancellor Hardwicke wore the solemn mask more naturally than almost any one; and an elaborate life of the man was welcome if only for the prospect it afforded of seeing him at his ease, divested of his gown and wig. But I confess to have read the three formidable volumes (and glad I am to have it over!) without knowing any better than I did before whether it would be well advised, in some secure retreat, to give his lordship the wink or slyly nudge him in the ribs. Probably not. I am not sure, but I think he would only lift his brows and coldly stare.

One reason why we are left in this pass is that the editor is pitched with the same black stick. He has no more sense of humor than his great ancestor, whom he insists upon passing at his face value; and he becomes doubly perverse from the fact that over the mask which, as an Englishman, he wears quite properly, he has put on another which, as the descendant of the chancellor, he has inherited. Behind this double mask, Mr. Yorke can therefore speak of England's "mission" without batting an eye. "The happiness of a whole age, of a whole nation, of Europe, perhaps of the universe, depended upon the event. Had the Pretender triumphed . . . the imperial history of Great Britain, together with her great mission in the world, must have been blotted out" (I. 432-433).

I have often heard of England's mission, and have hitherto supposed that it was Pitt who was providentially raised up to lead her through the great crisis. But from Mr. Yorke's account it cannot longer be doubted that the lord chancellor was the man. Other men pursued selfish interests, but not the chancellor. That he labored for the conviction of Byng in order to justify Anson, his son-in-law, is a "wicked and horrible calumny"; but "Pitt and his less distinguished followers were, there is no doubt, actuated in their defense of Byng to a great extent by the desire to strike a blow at the government". Other men were mistaken in policy, but the judgments of the chancellor were always sure; so that when England made a false step, it was usually from failure to take his advice, but in so far as his counsels were followed her ways were ways of pleasantness and all her paths were peace. He was, indeed, the very *Zeitgeist* of the century, whose work was always good and whose latest work was best.

And it must be confessed that the many letters, which make the chief value of the work, do not enable us, any better than Mr. Yorke's narrative, to know the man Hardwicke. Even his private letters were written in a public manner. If he was meanly avaricious, if he selfishly loved place and power, if he was ever so little disposed to sacrifice country or party to family interest, you will never find it out from his letters. And if it were so, probably he did not know it himself. The chancellor possessed in wonderful perfection the talent for identifying his own will with the cosmic order; so that what was advantageous for him personally seemed always by some prearranged harmony to be the best of possible courses in the best of possible worlds. It is well known

that after getting rid of the Whigs in 1762 the king proscribed the friends of Newcastle even down to office clerks, while continuing to show marked favor to Hardwicke and his sons. It was a deliberate attempt to make opposition impossible by detaching the Yorkes from the Newcastle interest. And the action of the chancellor had all the appearance of taking the bait: he refused the request of his old friend to go into active opposition, or to use his influence to bring his sons in; to break with the government indeed was not to the advantage of his sons, one of whom retained an ambassadorship, a second, who had himself advised Newcastle to resign, gave up one office only to accept another and refused to vote against the peace, while a third, to the annoyance of the chancellor it must be said, voted for it. The old duke felt himself betrayed and deserted by his best friend at the critical moment, and said so in a bitterly reproachful letter which makes good reading. Yet the chancellor justified himself easily enough: he was too old; without Pitt it was useless, and Pitt would not come in; he disliked opposition on principle—could not well reconcile opposition with his duty to the king—it would lay a kind of indelicacy on his conscience. And after all you don't know. By virtue of always taking himself on trust, the man was probably entirely sincere: such immense dignity could resign and retire and aloofly wait, but it could not scramble. It was said of Gibbon that he could not distinguish between himself and the Roman Empire; Lord Hardwicke seemed sometimes to talk about the preservation of the constitution when he was thinking about the advancement of the Yorkes. He was probably sincere; yet one can't get rid of the feeling that, what with his elaborate profession of duty and conscience and loyalty to the king, and what with his solemn protestation of lack of ability and of influence, there was a strain, the faintest in the world, of Uriah Heep in his make-up.

Of all his protestations, that of possessing little influence was perhaps the most disingenuous. The letters (mainly from the Hardwicke and Newcastle papers) throw a great deal of light on the tangled web of intrigue which makes so much of the political history of England from the fall of Walpole to the peace of Paris; and they make it perfectly clear that the chancellor was the indispensable silent partner of the Pelham interest. He, more than any one, kept the discordant elements together: he was the very father confessor of Newcastle, who must be always running to him for advice or sympathy or forgiveness; he composed the incessant quarrels of the duke and his brother—"carried the bucket between them", as he says, "for many years"; he managed the impossible Pitt, and, through Newcastle, the equally impossible king. "I am quite tired", he cries out on one occasion, "of such unreasonable people and such unreasonable points". And we are quite tired too. But the points—in this case whether Temple should have the Garter—were always threatening to break up the ministry; and the rôle of Hardwicke was to patch up disputes so that it could go on. Under such circumstances,

policy was subordinated to the exigencies of cabinet construction; and if in foreign or domestic affairs the views of Hardwicke were often adopted by the government, it was not so much because they were in themselves the essence of wise statesmanship, but rather because his compromising temper enabled him to frame those measures which every one could be got to agree to because they were not the measures of any one in particular. "The great difficulty", writes Hardwicke apropos of the divergent views of Pelham and Newcastle on the German question, "is how to keep this administration together on any tolerable terms". And indeed the chancellor's statesmanship, of which the editor makes much, was but a device to keep the Pelham interest in power.

Any life of Hardwicke (any work at least like the present which devotes only one chapter out of thirty-two to his work in transforming the law of equity, which is after all his sure title to fame) must have much to say about his life-long friend, Holles, duke of Newcastle; another kind of man altogether, less able certainly, but far more interesting and likable. He loved place and the accidents of power—you don't have to be told that when you read *his* letters. Yet he was not the absurd nonentity with which the letters of Horace Walpole have made us familiar; and it is one of the notable achievements of Mr. Yorke to have presented a sympathetic and convincing portrait of him. Indeed, he reveals himself so fully in his many letters, and they are so much the most interesting letters of all, and he is so much in evidence, so constantly on the stage as it were, that he is almost the hero of the play; I seem, in fact, to have been reading the life of Newcastle rather than the life of Hardwicke. His particular business, it is well known, was to marshal the forces at elections, to distribute the patronage, and to secure loans; but a fact comes out in the letters which is less generally known—namely, that when it was a question of getting the king to consent to something which he had fully made up his mind not to consent to, the duke was the only man to manage it. He was a past master in the art of inducing the king to put his neck under the yoke.

Fortunately, many of these conversations with the king were recounted with excellent skill by the duke in his letters to Hardwicke; and in closing I am tempted to quote the following extract from one of them.

"Well, if Mr. Pitt comes to Court seldom, so much the better; I don't like to see him."—"But, Sir, what will be the consequence if Mr. Pitt is dissatisfied, and his brothers and friends in open opposition?"—"Pitt will not oppose his own measures."—"No, but his friends will oppose everything else, and particularly the affairs of the Treasury; and when such immense sums are to be raised, it is always easy to find out objections."—"Well, lay your scheme before Mr. Pitt; if he does not approve it, let him propose another."—"Perhaps, Sir, a very improper one."—"Well, you then will be justified."—"And the public service, Sir, disappointed. What satisfaction can that be to me? For God's sake, Sir, let me not carry a positive refusal that will ruin everything. Let me tell

Mr. Pitt that your Majesty will consider it for a fortnight.”—“Then he will have hopes.”—“Yes, Sir.”—“If you say anything of that kind, I will disavow you to Mr. Pitt. I tell you, *I will be forced*.”—“For God’s sake, Sir, don’t say so. What an appearance will that have?”—I told him Mr. Pitt said that his Majesty did not know that he was within two fingers’ breadth of passing his reign in quiet and ease, or of not having an easy moment. I had my reason for saying it.—“Why, ay; is not that force?”—“Indeed, Sir, he did not speak of himself, he meant something else; what he meant I know not; he did not mean himself.”—“*I will be forced*. The world shall see how I am used. I will have it known.”—“What good, Sir, can arise from thence? Perhaps many may blame Mr. Pitt’s pushing it; but at the same time they will be sorry to see your affairs in confusion for such an object.”—All the answer I could get was,—“*I will be forced*” (III. 62).

And he was forced!

CARL BECKER.

The Life of John Bright. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN.
(Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; London:
Constable and Company. 1913. Pp. x, 480.)

JOHN BRIGHT has waited much longer for an adequate biography than either of the two statesmen—Cobden and Gladstone—with whom he was most closely associated; but the delay was worth while since it has secured for Bright so excellent and sympathetic a biographer as Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan. Unless the task had been undertaken by Lord Morley and the biography had completed a trilogy along with the lives of Gladstone and Cobden, it is hard to imagine a better biographer for John Bright than Mr. Trevelyan has proved himself. Born and bred in the Liberal atmosphere and the Liberal traditions of the Manchester School, Mr. Trevelyan, although not personally acquainted with John Bright, is singularly well equipped for the writing of the story of the struggles of the man who was probably the best loved and most widely respected of Victorian statesmen. The departure that he has made in compressing the biography into a single volume will be welcomed by American readers. The result of this compression has been that the later years of Bright’s life are treated somewhat scantily. The nineteen years from 1870 to 1889 occupy only fifty-five pages, as compared with the 370 pages devoted to his active political career from the death of his first wife to the end of the fight for the second extension of the franchise. But the biography loses little by this brief treatment of the later years; for all that gives John Bright his outstanding place in British politics belongs to the period before he entered Gladstone’s cabinet in 1868, and John Bright would have been almost as important a figure in British history had he died in 1870, instead of surviving until 1889.

During his active political life John Bright was engaged in four great struggles. In three of these he was fighting on behalf of the working-men of England, and was regarded by them with passionate affection and